

Memories

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Summary: Thoughts in the middle of the night about the past, present and the future...

Memories

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Comments, complaints and just plain talk to sheryl_martin@tvo.org

Summary: Thoughts in the middle of the night about the past, present and the future...

Author's note: Super-short here... no spoilers, nothing much other than thoughts that just escaped one afternoon...

Memoriesby Sheryl Martin

She turned over in the darkness; suddenly restless. One hand reached out to touch the warm skin of her husband's back, just to make sure he was still there beside her. So many nights she had only found the empty space where he had been; either slipping out early to work or not even coming home, depending on the assignment.

And sometimes he was gone for days, weeks... The work always took priority, even after the children were born. They had agreed on that, knowing that she couldn't always pick up at a moment's notice and go with him across the country. But when she could, she did. He had said once that she was the perfect woman for him; one who would put up with his eccentric habits and lifestyle. And she had laughed and promised to make him say that in public at their silver wedding anniversary.

Her family at first hadn't been that thrilled with her choice;

quietly reminding her of the chances that he wouldn't come home one night. That she would be a widow, and then a widow with children. She could understand their points, but she had always been able to make up her own mind and determined to follow her own path. Something he had admired her for; and said so. Usually after they had had a huge argument and were trying to make up.

He stirred, rolling over to take her into his arms. No matter how long he stayed away from her, it was always too long. And the second he stepped in the door only reminded him of how much she had given up for him - how much she must love him to do all this for him. Nuzzling into the dark red hair, he softly whispered his love for her again; knowing that each day might be the day that he didn't come home... The thought made him clench his eyes tight and hold her closer to banish the dark shadows.

She had given up so much to be with him - her career being the least of the choices she had made when choosing him. And even at the worst at times, she had smiled through the pain and the sorrow and the worry and reaffirmed her faith in him. Sometimes he wondered exactly who had made the first move; not that it mattered now. But her strength had carried them both through crisis after crisis; and the children showed their inheritance well. Of course, he'd thrash any boy who gave the girls a hard time. If they didn't do it first.

Suddenly a sharp cry broke the silence; the wailing of a child. Quickly registering the source of the sound, they let out a mutual sigh.

"Hmm..." She lifted a hand to rub her eyes. "It's Dana... I'll get her..."

With a smile, Bill Scully gently put her hand back down by her side and slid out of bed. "I'll take care of her. You get a bit more sleep." Pulling the slippers onto his feet, he couldn't help but grin at the thought of attending his favourite daughter. Kissing Margaret lightly on the forehead, he said quietly. "Maybe I'll read her a book..."

"If you will practice being fictional for a while, you will understand that fictional characters are sometimes more real than people with bodies and heartbeats." Richard Bach -- "Illusions"

End
file.